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FROM A . . . .

CHINESE GARDEN.

1898
No 35083

SEP 14 1898
Library of Congress.

FROM A CHINESE GARDEN

BY

DRURY KEMP MITCHELL.

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1898.
MODEL PTG. CO., PUBLISHERS.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

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A dreamer lives forever.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

SONG.

Where is the man so wise that he can say
He knows where time has buried yesterday.
Where is the man whose heart has turned so cold
That he has never felt the love of old
Rise from the violet that he laid away
With memory when the bitter tale was told.

LAMENT.

I.

In the third watch of the first day of the year my heart died.
I wander thro' worlds hot-eyed and weary;
I stagger like the sea, and as it does, clutch at a star;
Night comes and wraps me in the folds of her mantle,
But Death leers at me out of space—I would slay him with a brazen sword.
Lo, I am as a flower forsaken by day;
I stand with drooping head;
I feel Mother Night's tears fall upon me;
I can only weep and cry out to Nieaulan.

II.

I would kiss a shadow but it eludes my
crazy groping;
I would touch with hesitating finger one
string in memory's harp, but it is
broken and can sing no more for me;
My soul goes out to strew images of
gilded paper on a grave, but there
in the gloom it grows afraid,
I have raised a monument to my heart
and have inscribed upon it:
"Never Again."

SONG.

The odor of flowers—that was my love-
god's sweetest desire.
High on the altar placed I blooms fresh
from my heart;
Then came a flame, and, as the scent
rose on the wings of the fire;
Love sang a song and the weft of it was,
"Ne'er shall I depart."

LOVE WHERE ART THOU?

It is the youth of the year.
The flowers have heard the music of the
wind swept harp of Spring, and have
opened their eyes to the world.
Now men go to the tombs of their an-
cestors and worship:
I burn funeral offerings to a shade.
"Love" I cry in a voice laden of tears,
"Love where art thou?"
Alas, Love hears me not.
I see the solitary sepulchre,
But I search in vain for Love.

SONG.

Life is as the leaf
That drifts upon the tide of winds.

A star above and night upon the sea;
No thought but thine; naught but thy memory,
Thy image and thy voice within my heart.

THE MUSICIAN.

I.

A wizard he was and came whence none could tell.
Guiltless of Earth he seemed, yet Sorrow was throned in his eyes.
He bore enchantment—a spirit girt round with wood, so men said—beneath his arm.

II.

He whispered to it,
And lo,
Out of its sorrowing depths came the wail of the spirit;
The wail for a loss not found,
Tho' long sought, even There.

III.

He caressed the thing,
And the clamor of the strings,
Love swept,
Told of longings without death,
Low, sweet, breathing of flowers, and vows and an altar.

IV.

Then he laughed to it,
And it answered with a shout of joy,
Which told of contentment,
Like that where a heart gnawing has been allayed;
Yet a shadow was in it
That drove it on into silence.

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